Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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'MID MEADOW GRASSES.

BY J. K. LUDLUM.

A WHIR of wings, a chirp, a flutter,
And up from the daisies white and gold
Airily soar two dainty bluebirds,
Trilling their song-notes clear and bold.

Ah, what have they there 'mid the grass and daisies?
I query softly, and lightly go
Across the meadow to find the treasure
I know full well is hidden low.

The waving grass and the daisies nodding
Vainly endeavor to catch my eye,
And I suddenly stumble upon my treasure
'Mid daisies and grasses thick and high.

Down at my feet is a battered cannon,
Cobweb covered, rusty, and worn,
Bearing the marks of many a battle,
Fierce and cruel in days agone.

Kneeling, I peer in the mouth of the cannon,
And there quite fearless a soft nest lies,
With four wee eggs on a downy lining—
A marvelous treasure 'neath summer skies.

THOSE POOR LITTLE DILLS.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

THE Dills were very poor. They had always been poor. They lived on a poor, marshy little farm out in Iowa. The farm produced splendid weeds, but nothing else. This was partly because Mr. Dill was what the neighbors called shiftless, and partly because Mr. Dill told the truth when he said, in a discouraged kind of a tone, that it was "most an awful poor piece of land." The house in which the Dills lived was a very old and shabby, unpainted frame building of but two rooms.

But white curtains hung before the two small windows on either side of the door. The small, square panes of glass in these windows were always very clean, and one could see back of them rows of plants in neatly papered tin cans. A cypress-vine was trained over the low door. The yard and the door-step were always swept very clean, and there were little beds of ragged robins, touch-me-nots, and marigolds fenced around with sticks and barrel staves to keep the chickens away; for there was hardly a whole panel of fence on the Dill farm.

Marcia Dill had put up the white curtains, swept the yard, and planted the flowers. None of the other Dills would have thought of doing such things. Mrs. Dill sat in a corner and smoked "for neurology," and said Marcia "wasted an awful sight of time." Mr. Dill lay on his back under the trees, and said the same thing.

Marcia was the eldest of the children. She was twelve. Then came Zebby, a sickly boy of ten. Katie, a pretty little girl of seven came next, and the baby's name was Sammy. He was a splendid little fellow, two years old. Marcia said she loved him better than her life, and I really think she did.

Poor Mr. Dill was killed while crossing a railroad track one rainy day. The neighbors said he was too lazy to get out of the way of the approaching train. But neighbors are very uncharitable sometimes.

Soon after this Mrs. Dill fell ill of a fever, and lived but ten days; and there was Marcia left alone with her little sister and brothers. The only relative she knew of was a brother of her father's, who lived far out in western Kansas. Marcia thought it her duty to write, and tell this uncle of the death of her parents. She wrote a very simple, touching little letter, and this was a part of it:

"We are left very poor. Father was never able to get the farm all paid for, and it is a poor piece of ground. Do you think we could do any thing out in Kansas? Of course, I am the only one able to work hard. Brother Zebby is sickly, but he is real willing to do what he can. He can drop corn for most two hours at a time. Katie can do more than most little girls of her age, and she's always real willing to pitch in. The baby is a good, healthy child, and I want him to be a farmer. May be we will have fifty dollars left when the place is sold, and every thing paid up. Father was in debt a good deal, and the funeral bills are big. I want to keep our cow and calf, and horse and wagon, whether we stay here or not. If you think there would be any show for us out there, we could come in the wagon. I wouldn't be afraid to, and we wouldn't have enough money to come on the cars. I've heard about the government or somebody giving away real good land out there to any body who would improve it. Do you think I could get some land that way? They say you don't have to be grown up or of age to get it, and I thought may be I'd stand some chance on account of having the children to bring up."

One June day a short, stout, gray-headed old man, with a round red face, took this letter from a tiny little village post-office. A plainly-dressed little old woman sat in a big red-and-green farm wagon before the post-office door. The little old lady had such a kindly face; and I think she looked better in her neatly made dark calico dress, her plain white neck-handkerchief, her long black silk apron, and her plain straw bonnet, than in any thing she could have worn. The little old man read the letter to the old lady as they drove slowly homeward over a dusty country road.

A corner of the old lady's black silk apron went to her eyes many times while the letter was being read; and the old man, not having on any black silk apron, and having forgotten his "hankercher," used his yellow linen coat instead. Once he drew the back of his rough brown hand across his eyes, and when he dropped it by his side there was a long wet streak on it.

The first thing he said was, "I don't see how brother William could be so shiftless with a child like that in the house."

"She's a regular growed-up little woman," said the old lady, solemnly. "Think of her writin' 'bout havin' 'the children to bring up,' and her not thirteen yet."

A week later Marcia received this letter:

"Dere Nees: Your leter come dooly to han an kontents dooly red. You don't kno how sory mee an your ant Cindy feel for you and i rite this to let you kno that we want you to come rite out to kancas, for they is the best kind of a sho for

you to git along here. i wisht i could send munny for you to come on the kars or that i could come after you, but i cant just now an we want you to come right off. Sinse readin your leter i aint afraid to have you come alone. I bleeve you could go to the north poal if you set out to. You must sell your waggon an the critters and come on the kars. Send word when you will start an your ant Cindy and me will meet you at the depo 20 miles from here, you will be welkum to the best we got. Ant Cindy sends a kiss to the baby an sez she will be glad when she kin hug it an all the rest of you, an so i am your unkel until deth Jonas Dill."

Marcia Dill was very glad to get this letter. She read it aloud to Zebby, and a smile came into his thin, pale face.

"O Marcia!" he said, "we'll go, wont we?"

"Indeed we will," said Marcia, promptly. "But I don't intend selling the horse and cow. I s'pose that's what Uncle Jonas means by the 'critters.' We'll need them if we take up a farm out there, and we couldn't sell them for much. You know old Bally isn't a very good horse, and he's worth more to us than to any body else."

Poor old Bally wasn't really worth much to any body. He was away up in the teens when it came to age. He was blind, and had a shambling gait, and there never before was quite such a loose-jointed, knobby old "critter" as Bally was.

The wagon old Bally had drawn around for so many years was what the neighbors had long called "Dill's shacklyfied old cart." It was a small, rattling old vehicle. No two of its four wheels seemed to be of the same size, and Zebby Dill once quaintly said that it "made him cross-eyed and crooked for a week after, when he rode a mile in that cart."

"But it's all we've got, and we must make the best of it," said Marcia, bravely. "And I know from Uncle Jonas's letter that he and Aunt Cindy wont be ashamed of us if we do come in such an old cart with a horse like Bally."

The neighbors all said that they "never heard of such a thing," when Marcia told them of her plans. But they knew that Marcia Dill was the wisest little girl of twelve years in all the country round about; and some said that there were "growed up wimmen who didn't have the good sense Marshy Dill had."

It was the first of July before Marcia was ready to start, and it was a sorrowful, forlorn-looking little procession that drove away from the shabby old house. First came old Bally and the cart, with Zebby driving. By his side sat Katie, wearing a big pink sun-bonnet. Baby Sammy was lying on a pile of bed-clothes under the canvas cover Marcia had bought for the wagon. Marcia, also wearing a pink calico sun-bonnet, walked behind, driving the cow and calf. Back of Marcia came old Tobe, an ugly, useless, old yellow dog. Marcia said she "couldn't bear to leave him behind, because father had thought so much of him." Some of the neighbors had said that Mr. Dill had really thought more of the old dog than of any of his children.

These poor, forlorn, homeless little Dills felt very badly when the time came for starting. Even Marcia, brave though she was, cried many times when she felt sure Zebby was not looking. They had risen very early, and gathered all the roses there were on Marcia's treasured bushes. She had a few pansies, and a handful of daisies also, and these were cut with the dew still on them.

Then Marcia took Baby Sammy in her arms, Zebby led Katie, and they all walked half a mile across the shining fields to the lonely little cemetery in which their father and mother lay buried. The flowers were laid on the graves; then they knelt in a half-circle, and even Baby Sammy put up his chubby hands, while Marcia said a short and solemn and wonderfully sweet little prayer.

It was not more than seven o'clock when they softly closed the door of the little old house, and turned their backs upon it. The neighbors along the road came out to say "Good-bye," and all brought some kindly little good-will offering. One had roasted a plump chicken, another brought a jar of choice fruit, another a whole bushel of apples, another a loaf of cake; and when Marcia undressed Sammy that first night, she found, hidden away among his clothing, a little netted purse containing ten dollars. She felt sure some one had dropped it, and said sorrowfully that they would have to go back next day and find the owner. But a second search revealed a bit of paper, on which was written a few words saying that the money was "the gift of friends" to "the bravest and best little girl they ever knew."

"I wonder who they mean?" queried Marcia, simply. "Sammy isn't a little girl."

"Why! Don't you know?" asked Zebby. "They mean *you*."

"Me?"

Marcia was amazed.

"Yes; and they know what they're talking about," said Zebby, stoutly.

Marcia had to cry a little over this, even if Zebby did see her.

What a hard journey that was for those poor little Dills! They had no trouble in finding their way, for Marcia would ask in every town. But it was so hot and so dusty that summer, and old Bally did drag along so slowly.

"He looks so tired and feeble I can't bear to have you whip him up," Marcia often said to the impatient Zebby.

For Zebby still drove, and Marcia still walked behind in the hot and dusty road, driving the unruly cow and calf. Her feet became very tired and sore, for she could not afford to wear her one pair of old shoes; but she trudged wearily along without a word of complaint.

Little Sammy cried much after the first day, and sometimes he would put his little arms out at the back of the wagon and beg so pitifully to be carried that Marcia could not say no; and carrying Sammy was very hot and hard work.

They would camp under the trees at night, and always near a house, if possible. The people along the road were always very kind when they found that the children were traveling alone. Women often came across fields and down wide, green lanes to where the little old cart was on quiet summer evenings. They always made what Zebby called "a great fuss" over Sammy, and sometimes there would be tears on the little fellow's cheeks after the women had kissed him good-bye—tears that did not come from Sammy's big blue eyes.

It was late in August when the little Dills found themselves far out on the dreary Kansas plains. A weary, woe-begone lot of little way-farers they were by this time. It would have made your heart ache to have seen them.

Sammy had grown so thin and pale. The bloom and the plumpness had gone from his cheeks, and he cried so much. Katie was pale and thin too, and often impatient. Zebby had never been strong, and Marcia could see that it was only through effort that he was able to sit on the wagon-seat and hold the lines. She could see how he sometimes laid his head wearily against the wagon-cover bow, and he did look so sick and thin some days.

Poor old Bally looked ready to drop in his tracks at any moment, and some days Marcia would turn the old fellow out on the parched, brown grass for half a day, while she and the other children sat in the little shade made by the wagon, for they were now in a flat and treeless land.

Sometimes they would drive twenty miles without meeting any one, and the nearest houses were miles distant; for it was many years ago that these poor little Dills made this long, hard journey.

They were a long distance from any house one burning day, during the last week in August. Poor Sammy had been sick all day, and had cried feebly most of the time. Old Tobe had lain down by the road-side and died that morning, and the children had cried when they drove away and left him there.

Zebby had been so sick the day before that they had stayed all day on the flat banks of a sluggish, greenish-yellow stream, in which old Bally had stood most of the day fighting the flies.

Their provisions were almost gone, and what they had left was distasteful to them all. Sammy could not eat it at all, and the cow gave hardly any milk. Marcia's money was nearly all gone. She had to have a doctor for Sammy several times on the road, and medicine was so expensive.

At the close of this hot day, they found a lone and almost leafless tree, under which they camped. Bally had just been turned loose, when, to Marcia's utter dismay, the poor old horse had suddenly fallen over dead.

Marcia quite broke down under this crowning woe, and cried a long time. But after she and Zebby and Katie had eaten their coarse bread and drank their black coffee, she had something else to think of, for Zebby, with a little cry of "O Marcia!" fainted away in her arms.

Marcia could not revive him. She brought water and bathed his burning face, but he only moaned and rolled his hot head from side to side. Night came on and Zebby was growing worse. It began to rain a little, and Marcia never knew how she got Zebby into the wagon beside the fretful Sammy. A little after dark, she put on her sun-bonnet, and said very firmly to Katie,

"Katie, dear; Brother Zebby is very sick, and sister must go for help. Lie down by Sammy, and sleep if you can, and don't leave the wagon. If Zebby should come to and ask for me, tell him where I have gone."

Then Marcia put a candle in her tin lantern, and hung it on a wheel of the wagon to guide her back home. She could see, far across the plain, a dim light, and before dark had noticed a house in that direction.

Her only hope was in reaching this house before the light went out. She knew that she could never find it in the dark in that roadless country. That house was five miles away, and Marcia's brown feet were sore and blistered before she left the wagon. They were bleeding now, and her heart as well as her limbs were aching. She cried softly while hurrying over that plain, and wiped the tears away on her ragged sleeve. She prayed steadily that the light would not go out, and it did not, although it was almost midnight when poor Marcia reached it.

A family named Barnes lived in the little one-roomed house. One of the three children was ill, and Mrs. Barnes was sitting up with him. No sooner was Marcia's sorrowful story told than Mr. Barnes set out for the wagon, with Marcia behind him on his horse. On her arm was a little basket of good food Mrs. Barnes had given her out of her own scanty supply.

Mr. Barnes and Marcia watched all night by Zebby. He knew them in the morning, but was very ill. Mr. Barnes thought it best not to move Zebby for a few hours, and went back home, promising to return during the day and take them all to his house. But about nine o'clock a big green-and-red farm wagon came rattling merrily along over the road. A short, stout old man with a round, red face, sat on the high spring seat. By his side sat a little old lady, peering eagerly through her glasses toward Marcia's wagon.

"That's them, Jonas, I do think," said the old lady.

"Hope so," said Jonas, briefly.

And a few moments later he jumped down from the high seat and caught ragged, amazed Marcia up in his arms.

"You're my neice, Marshy Dill, an' I *know* it," he said, kissing her on both cheeks.

"Uncle Jonas!" gasped Marcia.

"The very same," cried Jonas; "an' here's Aunt Cindy. Now, where's Zebby an' Kitty an' Sammy?"

"I want Sammy this minnit," piped out the old lady.

"Zebby's so sick, and so is baby, and we're all *so* tired," cried Marcia, and then she actually fainted away in Aunt Cindy's arms.

"The way we came to find you was this," said Aunt Cindy, later on. "We got holt of a Topeeky paper two days ago, an' read a piece in it 'bout four youngsters passin' through there bound for our part of the country; an' we knowed right off that it meant you. The paper was three weeks old, an' we hitched up an' put right out to meet you, an' knowin' you must be nigh, onless you'd got into trouble, an' so you had. But now you're all right. We'll be at our house soon, an' there's plenty there for all of us, an' it's good too. This country aint half so bad as it looks. It'll come out mightily some day. There'll be a railroad right over our farm, an' you an' Zebby'll both have land of your own, an' we'll all be so happy an' prosperous together."

All of which literally came to pass in after years.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

WHAT shall I wish thee for the coming year?
Twelve months of dream-like ease? no care? no pain?
Bright spring—calm summer—autumn without rain
Of bitter tears? Would'st have it thus, my friend?
What lesson, then, were learnt at the year's end?

What shall I wish thee, then? God knoweth well.
If I could have my way no shade of woe
Should ever dim thy sunshine—but I know
Strong courage is not learnt in happy sleep,
Nor patience sweet by eyes that never weep.

Ah, would my wishes were of more avail
To keep from thee the many jars of life!
Still let me wish thee courage for the strife—
The happiness that comes of work well done—
And afterward the peace of victory won!

—*Argosy.*

THE FIRST ENGLISH SONG.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

WHITBY is one of the most picturesque towns on the north-eastern coast of England. It is built on the steep banks of the Esk where that river empties itself into the German Ocean, and the houses climb the slope like balancing acrobats, the roof of one being level with the floor of another. Most of them are very quaint and old, and they have sharp gables, dormer-windows, and roofs of old tiles, which look so well in pictures that artists come from far and near to paint them.

The harbor is always full of ships, and the high walls of the river make it secure in even the most tempestuous weather.

But at the mouth, reaching up and down the coast, is a long line of savage cliffs, against which the sea beats in ceaseless tumult. The cliff on one side of the harbor is known as East Cliff, and that on the other as West Cliff. A curving flight of one hundred and ninety-six well-worn stone steps leads to the summit of East Cliff, and at the head of them stands the old parish church, which with its undecorated oak and lead lights in the roof resembles the cabin of a ship rather than a place of worship. The wind sweeps wildly over this headland, and on each hand the spectator sees the bristling precipices of the coast, which are washed by a boiling surf in some places and in others fringed by a narrow beach, on which gigantic bowlders covered with moss and sea-weed are piled.

A few yards beyond the church are the ruins of a building much finer than any now to be found in Whitby. It is St. Hilda's Abbey, and it is the crowning glory of this little town by the sea.

Oswy, the king of Northumbria (one of the several kingdoms into which the England of Saxon times was divided), vowed that if God gave him the victory over his pagan foes his daughter Edelfled should be dedicated to a religious life, and that her dowry of twelve manors should be used for the foundation of monasteries. Victory attended him, and in part fulfillment of his vow he built this abbey, of which the

first abbess was his niece, St. Hilda, whose abilities and character were so high that her counsel was sought by bishops and kings, and through her influence Whitby became the Westminster of Northumbria.

Many legends are connected with the abbey, and some of them are recounted in the following lines from Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion:"

"Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
. . . . how in their convent cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;
And how of thousand snakes each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda prayed. . . .
They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail
As over Whitby's towers they sail;
And sinking down with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint."

But the fame of St. Hilda is not so great as that of a poor servant of the abbey, from whose lips came the first English song—who on this sea-washed headland sounded the first note of the sublime chorus which, gathering volume and melody through the centuries, has been joined by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson.

The name of this, the earliest of English poets, was Cædmon, and he was well advanced in years before his gift revealed itself. Some historians describe him as a small farmer, others as a cowherd, and whichever he was his position was a humble one, and he had not learned the art of verse which was common among his fellows.

It was the custom at feasts to pass a harp from hand to hand, and each person sang some jingle of his own invention. On one of these occasions when Cædmon was present, he left the table as soon as he saw the harp approaching him, for he was ashamed, no doubt, of his own inability, and when he had tended the cattle he went to sleep.

And while he slept he dreamed that he heard a voice saying, "Cædmon, sing some song to me."

"I cannot sing," he answered, "and it was for this cause that I left the feast and came hither."

"Then the voice continued, "However that may be, you shall sing to me."

"What shall I sing?" Cædmon asked.

"Of the beginning of created things."

In the morning he told of his dream, and in being led into the presence of St. Hilda, some portions of the Bible were read to him and he was ordered to turn them into verse. This he did, and he was led before learned men that they might decide how he had acquired his gift, and when they had heard him they all said that heavenly grace had been conferred upon him by the Lord.

Cædmon now became a monk, and he spent the rest of his life in composing original poems on biblical subjects, and thus he sang of the creation of the world, of the origin of man, of the history of Israel, of Christ, and of heaven and hell. Some of his work is like the "Paradise Lost" of John Milton, which was written nine hundred and sixty-five years later, and it is possible that Milton was influenced by the songs of this poor servant of St. Hilda's Abbey.

"Others after him tried to make religious poems, but," says Bede, a writer of whom we shall have something to say by and by, "none could vie with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, but from God."

He died about 680, and it is supposed that he began to write some ten years earlier.

When we describe Cædmon as the first English poet we do not mean that the English people had no poetry until that vision appeared to him when sore-hearted and shame-faced he stole away from his companions because he had no song to sing. Some English poetry had been composed before his time, but none of it is known to have been written in England, and his distinction is that he was the first Englishman to write a great poem on English soil.

We must remember what the England of those days was. The Britons who possessed the land when Julius Cæsar landed had been driven into Wales and the mountains of Scotland, and the country had been seized and settled after a bloody struggle by a hardy race of sea-rovers from the peninsula which separates the Baltic from the North Sea. These are commonly spoken of as Saxons, but besides the Saxons there were the kindred tribes of Jutes and Angles, and in the names of the latter we find the origin of Angle-land or England. The country of the Angles was called England, and they themselves were called Englishmen before they invaded Britain, and when they had conquered that island they gave to it the name of their former home. They were strong, savage, and adventurous. "Sea-faring, war, and pillage was their whole idea of a freeman's work," says Taine:

"They dashed to sea in their two-sailed barks, landed anywhere, killed every thing, and having sacrificed in honor of their gods the tithe of their prisoners, and leaving behind them the red light of their burnings, went farther on to begin again. . . . Their sea-kings, who had never slept under the smoky rafters of a roof, who had never drained the ale-horn by an inhabited hearth, laughed at wind and storm, and sang, 'The blast of the tempest aids our oars; the bellowing of heaven, the howling of the thunder, hurts us not; the hurricane is our servant, and drives us whither we wish to go. . . . He who has never been wounded leads a weary life.'"

Their songs pictured their deeds, and were of little else than the clash of weapons and the fury of war and conquest.

Chief among the English poems written before the time of Cædmon is the "Lay of Beowulf," which tells of the adventures of Prince Beowulf in an expedition from Sweden to deliver Hrothgar, one of the kingly race of Jutland, from a monster called Grendel, half-human, half-fiend, which preyed upon his subjects.

Grendel had his home in the marshes, and in the night would enter the palace of the king, and devour some of the inmates. When Beowulf arrived he lay in wait for the monster, and when the mists of the night arose and the monster stalked into the hall, the prince grappled with him and a combat ensued which shook the walls. Beowulf had no weapons, neither spear, nor sword, nor shield, for Grendel's hide was impenetrable, and the only way of overcoming him was by wrestling with him. But Beowulf triumphed, and at the end of the fight Grendel flew away, with torn sinews and broken bones, to die among the pestilent marshes from which he had come.

Still there was another monster, his mother, and she also was a devourer of men, and in revenge for Grendel's death she killed the king's best friend. A lamentation arose in the palace, and Beowulf again offered his services and went forth to meet the monster in her lair. It was a dark pool in which strange dragons and serpents swam, but he plunged in and attacked her. His weapons had no effect; his sword struck her without biting, and she bore him away to her dwelling. There he saw another sword fit for a giant, and despairing of his life he struck furiously and slew her. Meanwhile Grendel was lying dead in a corner of the lair, and he cut off the head of that monster and bore it to the palace of the king.

Afterward Beowulf became a king in his own country, and was killed in a fight with a dragon, which had been robbed of its treasure, and which came from its hill to burn men and houses. "I have ruled my people fifty years, and none of my neighbors have oppressed me with terrors," the dying king said. "I have not borne malice, nor sworn many oaths, and on account of all this I, sick with mortal wounds, may have joy. I have purchased with my death a hoard of treasure, and it will yet be of advantage in the need of my people."

The poetry produced by the English before they invaded Britain is called continental poetry, and besides "Beowulf" the only parts of it which have come down to us are the "Song of the Traveler," "Deor's Complaint, "The Fight at Finnesburg," and "Waldhere."

This continental poetry and that which was composed by Cædmon, and other Anglo-Saxon or English poets who followed him, was quite unlike modern verse. It had no musical rhymes nor measured syllables, and the main difference between it and prose, as far as form went, was that in every two successive lines there were at least three words beginning with the same letter. The language was not the same to look at as that which we now write, and it is as impossible for us to read these early poems without special study as it would be to read and understand French and German without a knowledge of those languages. Nevertheless, unfamiliar as it looks to us, the language of Cædmon and Beowulf was the root of ours; it has altered in appearance and in pronunciation, but as Stopford Brooke says, it is as much the same language as that which we use as the tree planted hundreds of years ago is the same tree now.

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ashore in Korea.

The *Scranton* remained several weeks at Chimulpo. The weather was charming—a succession of bright, bracing days. The opportunity was taken for "painting ship" and carrying on the routine drills—especially that of target practice with small arms. For this purpose a 100-yard range was laid off on Roze Island, and a division landed at a time. The arm used was the Lee magazine rifle, each magazine containing five cartridges. A careful record was kept of each shot fired. Rex had had some practice with a fowling-piece, and Reddy with an air-gun; and on the afternoon when their division was sent ashore they succeeded in making good scores.

It grew to be monotonous after a while to watch the firing, and they wandered up the side of the hill. Rex had volunteered to take care of a pot of paint which had been brought ashore for painting the target. The side of a rock suggested an idea to him. He stopped short.

"Reddy, I've a mind to turn decorative artist."

"What's up now?" Reddy asked, not quite understanding him; but seeing Rex handling the paint brush, he exclaimed: "I drop on it. You're goin' to try the advertisin' dodge for the benefit of these benighted Koreans."

"Right you are. Now what shall I put here?"

"Electric Liniment," said Reddy, promptly.

"No, the stone is too big for that. Give me a longer one."

"Culpepper's Stomach Bitters, Pavey's Pulmonary Pills."

"That will do," said Rex, and he flourished the brush so deftly that in a few moments the advertisement stood out "large as life," "Try Culpepper's Stomach Bitters."

"That's splendid," said Reddy.

Rex stood off and examined his work. "There's room for Peach's Soap above, and Yankee Baking Powder below." And he added these.

"I'm not so sure about the Culpepper's Bitters," he said. "I'm afraid their use would not help our Temperance League along; but I know they need the soap, for, to judge by those we have seen, a filthier people cannot be found."

"Soap is too good for 'em," said Reddy; "they ought to be holy-stoned."

"Here's a good chance for another advertisement," said Rex, going along to another stone. "What shall it be, Reddy?"

"St. Jacob's Oil."

Rex painted the letters. Then the comicality of what he had done seemed to strike him, and he laughed aloud.

"To think that the first time we set foot in this strange land we should amuse ourselves in this fashion!"

Meantime a Japanese had stolen quietly upon them from some neighboring bushes. Reddy was the first to notice him. He grinned at the two lads, and then began to fumble in one of the sleeves of his *kimono*. Somewhat doubtfully he took out a bottle and handed it to Rex, and said something in Japanese, and made a low bow. Rex put down his paint-pot, opened the bottle and smelled. An expression of intense disgust came to his face. Controlling himself he turned around and coolly broke the bottle over the stones. The pure air was polluted for a moment with the odor of vile whisky. The Japanese looked astonished. Rex stretched out his hand.

"Give me all that stuff you have about you!" he said, in a low tone, advancing toward him.

The Japanese looked frightened and began to retreat. Reddy promptly posted himself in the rear.

"Out with it!" said Rex, threateningly, his eyes fairly blazing. The man looked around. Reddy grabbed him by the neck.

Seeing no way of escape the man drew out two more bottles, which met with the same fate as the first.

"Is that all you have? Search him, Reddy!"

Reddy was only too glad. He "yanked" the man back upon the grass, and "went though him." His search produced a bottle of brandy with a French label. The man rose half-way to his feet. Reddy knocked the neck off the bottle and emptied the contents over his head and face. The man wiped the strong liquor from his eyes and got up.

"Now, you sneaking villain, *get!*" said Rex, pointing up the hill. The fellow shambled away.

Before he had gone far, Rex had a penitent streak. "I don't suppose the poor beggar was wholly to blame," he said. "He has seen sailors enough to know that all they want is rum, and he only brought what he thought they'd want. Let's call him back, Reddy."

The man, however, wouldn't come. He hurried away the faster. But fleet feet were after him, and he was soon caught.

"Ugh, how he smells!" said Rex. "It's no use trying to talk to him. He wont understand a word we say. I'll pay him something for the liquor, but I wish I could make him understand that he must not try it on again."

"I'll tell him," said Reddy, and he did so very successfully in pantomime. The man understood very well. Rex gave him a Mexican dollar, which he received with a profound obeisance and went away.

"His scare has whitened him out," said Rex, looking after him.

"Yes, he looks like a purser's shirt on a handspike," said Reddy.

"I'm glad, after all, that I gave him something," said Rex.

Reddy wasn't so sure about that. He didn't believe "such truck" could understand the finer feelings.

"It's mighty queer how quick rum gets into a new country," he said, as they descended the hill. "It beats the missionaries."

The second time they went ashore they landed at the only pier of which Chimulpo could boast—a ledge of rocks running out into the harbor at the foot of a high bluff. Skirting the bluff to the right, they came to one of the customs godowns. Several boxes marked "American Brilliant Oil" were being carried in.

"They light the world here with kerosene, it seems," said Rex.

Keeping on along the shore, they struck a road leading up the hill. The road seemed to divide the Chinese concession from the Japanese. The former was but thinly settled, and a good deal of grading was going on; the latter presented the appearance of a thriving Japanese village. It was laid out in broad parallel streets. The houses were built of boards and lumber imported from Japan. The stores were stocked with Japanese goods. There was a tidiness about the settlement

that was very pleasing, and yet it was not three years old. The consulate compound, with its official quarters, tall flagstaff, guard-house, and hospital, all neatly painted and fenced in, dominated the concession; while on a hill-side not far away they discovered later a Japanese cemetery neatly graded and kept.

The boys stopped for a few minutes at Daibutsu's. They found a large building with a store below, apartments for the family in the rear, and overhead a sort of hotel. Liquors, canned goods, dry goods, stationery, hats, caps, boots, and shoes were on sale in the store, and sides of bloody beef, and piles of eggs and vegetables occupied the unfloored space inside the entrance. Some children were toddling about; the woman of the house was warming her hands over a *hibache;* Daibutsu himself, round-faced and jolly, was counting some strings of "cash."

Rex tried to play with the children, but they retreated shyly.

"How many children have you, Daibutsu?" he asked.

"Eleven piecee," said the man, with a grin.

"So you call your children 'pieces,' do you?" said Rex, laughing. "That sounds very funny to us. Is there any hunting around here?"

"Can catch pheasants, curlew, little birds. Some officers go out this morning."

"How far is it to the capital, where the king lives?"

"Twenty-eight mile."

On going out, the boys found quite a group of Koreans who had gathered around the door to watch them. Most of them were coolies, hatless, shoeless, filthy in dress, their black hair tied up in a short tuft on the top of their heads. Others were neatly dressed in long, flowing cotton robes of light blue or white. But the most noticeable characteristic was the hat, which was black and had a broad rim, and a small cylindrical crown. It was made of woven horse-hair, or fine threads of bamboo, and the air could circulate freely through it. To Reddy this hat seemed irresistibly novel. He snatched one without ceremony from a Korean head and examined it minutely; then he tried it on his own head, to the great amusement of the spectators, and finally restored it to the owner with a grimace that set every body laughing.

Daibutsu came to the door at this moment, and seeing what was going on called the boys back, and showed them another style of hat—a hot-weather hat of straw of enormous size, mushroom shaped, with a band in the center to fit the head; also a rainy-weather hat made of oiled paper, folding up like a fan. These last were so easy to stow that the boys each bought one; and they also each took a pair of Korean eye-glasses—the glasses circular in shape and set in a horn frame of a very unique pattern. They were very cheap and very queer. Reddy wanted to wear his, but Rex protested.

"We shall have all the rag-tag and bob-tail after us, if you begin any of your monkey-shines. We can find fun enough some other way."

Outside they found a Korean coolie with a heavy load of vegetables piled up on a rude wooden frame which was fastened to his back. The frame was shaped something like an easel.

"This must be the way they carry burdens here," said Rex. "The Chinese and the Japs use the bamboo on the shoulder. I think I like this way better."

"I don't," said Reddy. "Why, that feller can't stand straight. He has to bend forward all the time."

"That's so," said Rex; "you're right, the bamboo does keep a man erect; and then, too, it can be shifted from shoulder to shoulder and relieve the pressure."

"Yes," said Reddy, "and it must be mighty unhandy for that feller to put his load down, but when you have things dangling from the ends of a bamboo, all you have to do is to stoop."

"Good, Reddy; you've gained your point. I'll vote for the bamboo."

They passed out of the Japanese quarter into the Korean village. Here the land was low and marshy, and through it wound a slimy stream, foul-smelling and stagnant. The houses were the merest and meanest huts of mud, rudely thatched, most of them destitute of any floor but the earth. Naked children and black pigs appeared to be equally at home in them. Women were rarely visible. The men—with garments originally white or blue, but now discolored with dirt and grease, and wearing the black, broad-rimmed hat—seemed to be passing their time in idleness. Here and there a group were sitting on the ground and gambling. All were smoking; not a Korean did they see without his pipe—generally a long stem of bamboo, with a small, nickel-plated bowl. The fronts of most of the houses were utilized as stores, but the wares were cheap—straw sandals and mats, wooden clogs, pipes and tobacco, pouches and matches, bean-cake, dried fish, rice, sea-weed, brooms, baskets, bamboo screens, etc. The boys sauntered along, looking at the stores and watching the people.

"This is the dirtiest hole I think I ever struck," said Rex, emphatically; "and there's no excuse for it."

Reddy, remembering his own "bringing up," made no reply.

"What's the *need* of being so nasty? What's the necessity of living in such hovels, and coming down to the level of pigs? Why don't these Koreans learn a lesson from the Japs? Think how clean and neat every thing was in the settlement we just left, and look at these houses. See those lazy brutes, idling away their time, smoking their pipes, and wallowing in filth! If they didn't know any better there might be some excuse."

Reddy did not make any answer. When Rex was in one of his indignant moods, he was a little afraid of him. He *could* have told from his own experience how hard it is for one born and bred in such degradation to rise without a loving, patient hand.

As they went on they heard some dull, heavy strokes or blows following one another with great regularity.

"Somebody's doin' somethin'," said Reddy.

They soon discovered the cause of the noise. A Korean, with a stone pestle fastened to a handle like an ax, was dealing vigorous blows upon what looked like a lot of seed in a mortar. He paused and put down his implement as the boys came up, and looked at them curiously. Rex went to the mortar and picked up a handful of the "seed."

"Why, it's rice!" he exclaimed. "He must be hulling it. I had no idea the hull was so tough, and so hard to get off."

"Let me have a whack at it," said Reddy, taking up the pestle.

The Korean made no objection.

He plied the instrument with great vigor for a dozen strokes or more and then put it down. He was breathing pretty hard.

"For a steady job, day in and day out, o' that sort o' work I aint hankerin'," he said. "I'd rather scrub decks, and handle a roller handspike."

Rex also tried "a whack" at it. He was much stronger than Reddy, and held out a good deal longer, but he came to his friend's conclusion.

"Don't people live on rice here mostly?" Reddy asked, as they walked on.

Rex believed they did.

"Well, then, after all, it takes a good deal o' the sweat o' the brow to earn one's bread here," he significantly remarked; "and the rice has to be raised as well as hulled, and I don't suppose that's too easy a job."

Rex laughed at the happy way in which his shipmate had turned the tables on him. With his arms still aching he felt the force of the argument.

"At any rate, if they are not as lazy as they seem, you can't deny that they are outrageously dirty?" he said.

"Yes, they are dirty, beastly dirty," said Reddy, "but I used to learn at the mission school that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.' These beggars are far enough away from godli-

ness, and, of course, they are far enough away from what stands next to it."

"Why, Reddy," said Rex, delighted, "you're beating me at every point to-day. I'd no idea there was so much sound sense in you."

Reddy was vastly pleased and encouraged at Rex's words, but he did not betray it. He only said,

"I was a child o' dirt once, and I know what a big, hard climb it was to cleanliness."

"That's so," said Rex, sympathetically. "We'll have patience with these Koreans. They may come up to the Jap level after all."

Extending their walk beyond the precincts of the Korean village along the shore, they came across a brick-yard where some Chinese were molding clay, and laying it on a hard floor to dry. Roof tiles were also being made. Small kilns were being prepared to burn the clay. The bricks that were turned out were not red, but gray—a color which seemed to the boys quite novel.

"This is a good sign," said Rex. "May be the Koreans in a few years will forsake their mud huts and build houses of brick."

After leaving the brick-yard they struck inward from the shore, making their way across the dykes between the paddy (rice) fields, climbing hills, lingering beside old tombs with puzzling inscriptions in Chinese or Japanese characters, and picking wild flowers.

Magpies flew around them; a lark now and then poured forth his rich melody high in the air. The boys did not know till afterward the names of these birds; but the lark was a great delight and puzzle to Rex.

"He seems just drunk with song, intoxicated, crazy," he exclaimed, listening. "Did you ever hear such a wonderful variety of notes and such rapid changes?"

"I guess he's got a whole band o' bird music stowed away in him," said Reddy.

"I wish we could find his nest," said Rex. "I'd like to own such a bird as that. There don't seem to be any trees around here. He must be a ground bird."

A rich pink color on a hill-side half a mile away attracted their attention, and they strolled in that direction. When they reached the hill they found that it was blooming with flowers.

"Why, they are azaleas!" said Rex, excitedly.

But it was Reddy who showed the greatest joy this time. He had all the delight which such city waifs as he feel at the sight of flowers. The beauty and profusion on which his eyes now rested filled him with rapture.

"They don't belong to nobody, do they?" said he, looking around as though there might be an owner in sight to claim them.

"Belong to any body? I guess not," said Rex, emphatically. "They are not fenced in. They grow wild, don't you see? They belong to you and to me, all we can gather of them," and he opened his clasp knife and began to cut the nearest bush.

Reddy followed suit eagerly. In a few moments they had gathered large bouquets, and yet so thick and abundant was the growth that what they had cut was not missed.

"We'll come here and get some more every time we come ashore," said Reddy, to which Rex willingly agreed.

On their way back to the town they caught sight of a procession passing through the Korean village, and started off at an angle with the road to waylay it. They had to put in some sharp running, the last stretch being up a hill which hid the road from view. As they reached the top and looked down, the procession was just below them. The central figure seemed to be a Korean maiden, whose veil and ornaments indicated that she was on her way to her future bridegroom's house.

The boys, however, had no time to study the procession. Their appearance caused a commotion. The bride caught sight of them, uttered an exclamation, and ran to the nearest house. Two other maidens, her bridesmaids apparently, followed suit; and the stampede became general.

Rex perceived that the presence of foreigners had caused the alarm and interruption, and though he couldn't help laughing, he had the delicacy to retreat.

"Let's get out of this," he said to Reddy. "We are not wanted here."

"*Didn't* she scud!" said Reddy, with great glee, as they went back down the hill together. "She looked as scared as a wet hen. And here we've gone and busted up a marriage percession. What will we do next, I wonder?" and, handing his bouquet to Rex, he began to spin wheels, flinging himself sideways over and over, using his hands and feet as spokes—a favorite diversion of his. He would have landed in a paddy-field if Rex had not called out to him in warning.

As they passed Daibutsu's on their way to the sundown boat, they found that worthy outside his door, putting a stencil mark with black paint on the cheeks of several Korean coolies.

Rex elicited from him, with some difficulty, on account of his "broken English," that he wanted to hire some of these men to bring up some packages from the custom-house; and, as they all looked alike and it was hard to tell them apart, he had put his "chop" on those he hired. None others could draw pay when the job was done.

[*To be continued.*]

THE COKE INDUSTRY.

BY R. T. WILEY.

II.

Coke has been called, and not inaptly, the bones of coal. According to Webster the word is closely related to cook and cake, so coke might, without impropriety, be called cooked coal. The chief element of coal is carbon. In the process of coke-making—the "cooking" process—the gases, liquids, and other volatile elements are expelled by heat, and the carbon is retained in as nearly a pure form as may be. This is the coke of commerce. It is a light gray in color, with a metallic luster, and is highly porous in structure, hard and brittle.

To a traveler through the coke region, unused to its scenes, the views from the car windows are novel in the extreme. Often for miles seemingly unbroken lines of flaming ovens hedge in the railway, and a murky canopy of smoke hangs over the whole country. At night especially the scene is weird and startling. The sky can rarely be seen, but the smoke cloud is illumined by a dull red glare, and the whole world seems in conflagration. Dusky forms flit about the fiery furnaces, and with all their surroundings are so uncanny that it is easy to imagine them denizens of another world.

The coke ovens are constructed in long rows, and externally are of stone. Such a bank of ovens in appearance is not unlike a great stone wall with a broad, flat top. Little square doors near the bottom occur every few feet, and a circular opening in the top is directly opposite each door. Each pair of openings represent an oven. The oven inside is conical in form, and is lined with fire-brick.

In the process of coking, the coal on being drawn from the mine is dumped into an iron car, shaped much like an old-fashioned flour-mill hopper. This is called a larry, and runs on an iron track along the top of the ovens, directly over the openings. From it the coal is dropped into the oven, an average charge being 7,600 pounds of coals (100 bushels). After it is fired the oven door is bricked up and daubed with mud, to exclude nearly all the air.

Thus the coal is roasted for seventy-two hours, its volatile elements passing off through the opening in the top of the oven, in the form of gases, smoke, and vapors. Then the bricks are torn away from the door, pure water is introduced, and the fire extinguished. The coke is drawn out at once with long iron hooks, and loaded on the cars. From the average charge about 4,800 pounds of coke are derived. The

heat retained in the walls of the oven is sufficient to ignite the next charge.

The seventy-two hours named as the time necessary for coking is not an accurate term. The oven will be ready to "draw" some time on the third day, but the experienced workman must judge from the appearance of the glowing mass just when the proper time arrives, and then act promptly, for coke, like its relative, johnny-cake, may be spoiled by being done too much or too little.

Coke has its chief use in blast furnaces, where metal ores are melted. In the early history of the iron industry charcoal, made from wood by a process somewhat similar to modern coke making, was employed for this purpose. Later anthracite coal superseded it, but in the past twenty years coke has been generally adopted in this line of industry, and to-day easily wears the honors as king of blast furnace fuels. Its chief point of superiority over the other fuels is in its ability to sustain the great weight of the ore and limestone, without crushing down until entirely consumed.

Sulphur is the great enemy of iron, and if it exists in any considerable quantity in the fuel used in smelting, imperfections in the iron will result. Sulphur in greater or less quantity exists in most coal, but the coking process drives most of it out. One claim of the Connellsville coal to superiority for coke making is in its comparative freedom from sulphur; but its claim to being the best coking coal known is based chiefly on its structural qualities, causing the coke made from it to assume the form and hardness desirable for smelting. Coke is also coming largely into domestic use for heating, being cleanly, and having many of the other good qualities of anthracite coal.

There are in the United States about 20,000 coke ovens, and over one half of these (about 11,000) are in the little strip of country which has been considered in the chapters preceding this—the Connellsville coke region. Here is made two thirds of all the coke produced in the United States, and in its production 10,000 men are employed. In the actual work of coking, one man can look after five ovens, but the number of miners and others employed directly by the coke industry swells the army of grimy toilers to the total named.

The whole product for the year 1884 was 3,192,105 tons. Treating this as we did the Monongahela River coal product, the result is even more startling than that was. The coke is so much lighter than coal that a like weight loaded on cars makes a much longer train. It has been calculated that the product for the year named if loaded on cars would make a train 2,400 miles long, or sufficient to reach almost across the continent. And, unlike the Monongahela coal trade, the whole product of this industry has to be moved to market by rail. Three of the great railway systems of this country have lines traversing this region.

The growth of the business has been marvelous. The first coke oven in the United States was built here in 1841, but it was not until years after that the worth of coke as a smelting fuel was generally understood, and the industry began to be important. Three fourths of the growth of the coke industry in this region has been in the past ten years, and it continues to grow at a remarkable rate.

Some great fortunes have already been made in it. The head of the firm which to-day owns one third of all the ovens in the region was, twelve years ago, a clerk twenty-five years of age, working at a modest salary. He foresaw in some measure what the coke trade was destined to grow to, invested what money he could command in it, and to-day is worth over a million dollars.

Operations here have been much disturbed by wage dissensions and strikes. A few years ago some of the leading employers imported large numbers of Hungarians of the lower classes, and put them to work at mining and coke drawing. They were willing to work for less than the laborers they displaced, and it was claimed that they could not be induced to strike. The feeling against them was very bitter on the part of the other workmen, and it was urged, as in the case of the Chinese on the Pacific coast, that they were densely ignorant, filthy in habits, and never manifested any desire to become citizens, but returned to their own country as soon as they amassed enough money to keep them in comfort there. The women, who dress in short flannel frocks and great raw-hide boots, worked at the ovens with the men until forbidden by State legislation enacted for that purpose.

These Hungarians proved a disappointment to their employers in one point at least, for as I write they are the leading spirits in the most determined and disastrous strike that the coke region has ever known. They have already attempted to enforce their demand for an increase in wages by a resort to violence, and lives have been sacrificed and property destroyed.

One thought further, and I will be done with coal and coke. Attentive readers will remember the reference in an early chapter of this series to the manufacture of illuminating gas from coal—how the gaseous and tarry constituents are separated from the carbon by heat. This carbon residue in gas-making is really a secondary grade of coke, and has a market value as such. In coke-making the gas and tar are all lost—burned up or dissipated in the air. This waste is enormous, for it is calculated that in gas alone enough is lost to illuminate two or three of our large cities. Nothing has yet been devised which will collect and confine these precious elements without impairing the quality of the coke, but Yankee ingenuity will certainly surmount the difficulties and triumph yet in this direction. A rich reward awaits the man who shall discover the process for attaining this desired end.

CAGED FIRE.

THE fate of the *Oregon* has shown the danger to be dreaded from water, and the more fortunate experience of the steamer *Crystal* only two months ago, suggests the peril in which a vessel may be placed by fire. In the case of the *Crystal* the bulkheads were undoubtedly of great assistance. The following account is from the daily press:

On January 11 John Gray, the steward, thought he could feel unusual heat in his room. He waited until 8 o'clock, and then went into the chief officer's room to report his suspicions. When he opened the stateroom door he was met by a dense cloud of smoke, and with difficulty aroused the mate. A volume of smoke was pouring in at a small hole bored through the bulkhead to allow a telegraph wire to run from the forward steering-wheel to the after one, and it was four hours before the mate was returned to consciousness. The second officer, whose room was abaft the mate's, with a similar aperture in the bulkhead, was also unconscious. The vessel was then 700 miles east of Newfoundland.

When the full extent of the danger was made known to Captain Stannard, he at once ordered all the openings described to be closed up and the hatches battened down. The ship is divided into four water-tight compartments, with iron bulkheads separating them. That one where the fire was located was about forty feet long, and reached from the upper deck to the keelson. There were stowed bales of jute, carpets, paper stock and burlap, and Captain Stannard rightly concluded it to be useless to attempt to extinguish the fire with water. The smoke from the smoldering mass permeated every corner of the vessel and made it impossible for the men to remain below decks. Several of them were prostrated during the passage and had to be cared for in the engine-room.

A consultation of the officers was held, and all but the captain thought it advisable to make for St. John's or Halifax. Some dissatisfaction was expressed when Captain Stannard made up his mind that he would bring the vessel to New York.

The succeeding ten days and nights were filled with apprehension. The decks are of iron covered with wood, and it was feared that before reaching port the heat would force its way upward to the deck and give vent to the smoldering flames. Both fore and aft bulkheads of the compartment containing the fire, it was feared, would give way, and then the flames would have a clean sweep fore and aft. But with a steady courage and admirable coolness the captain continued on his course and quieted the fears of his crew.

"I have been at sea many years and have suffered shipwreck," he said, "but never was I placed in so terrible a position as on this passage. Sailors can fight all the elements except fire. In a gale of wind, so occupied are the crew with their duties that they have but little time to think of danger, but in this case all know their fearful peril."

The consignees are much pleased with the manner in which Captain Stannard acted, and say that to his determination is due the safe arrival of the ship. The damage to the cargo is said to be in the neighborhood of $10,000, mostly covered by insurance.

OUR NEW PARK.

On the first day of February President Cleveland issued an order withdrawing from settlement the region around Crater Lake in Oregon. This natural curiosity, which is to become a national park, is described by a writer in the New York "Sun:"

Crater Lake is the mouth of an extinct volcano partly filled with water. Its elevation above sea-level is about 6,300 feet. Its length is six and one half miles and its width nearly five miles. If any thing, the surface of the lake is higher than the main summit of the mountain range. From the water's edge there rises an encircling and comparatively perpendicular wall varying from 600 to 2,000 feet. The summit of Mt. Washington, the highest peak in the New England States, is nearly 6,300 feet. Imagine an enormous elliptical caldron resting on the tops of the highest peaks of the White Mountains, the water in the caldron being on a level with the summit of Mt. Washington. Then imagine ragged and stupendous cliffs, varying from 1,000 to 2,200 feet in height, rising from the water into the air, and you have before you Crater Lake.

There has not yet been found a trace of animal life in the waters of Crater Lake. The water is clear, pure, and ice-cold even in summer, and is said to have been fathomed to a depth of 800 feet without bottom being reached. Another striking feature is that the water in the lake is stationary. A study of the margin fails to disclose any evidence of a rise and fall. Again, the lake has no perceptible inlet or outlet. There are several rills and one or two considerable streams that burst through and trickle down the inner faces of the wall, but these are as the Hudson to the ocean compared to the volume that must find its way into the lake by subterranean channels. There must also be many subterranean outlets, for from the sides of the mountain range several full-grown small rivers spring forth. Another characteristic feature is the calmness of the surface of the lake; seldom is it rippled by a breeze. Epitomized, Crater Lake is a sea caged by the mountains; and bound so firmly that it can neither lift itself nor fall.

A United States officer has prepared, for publication in "Science," a description of the lake, and has kindly permitted the writer to make this quotation:

"The beauty and majesty of the scene are indescribable. As the visitor reaches the brink of the cliff he suddenly sees below him an expanse of ultramarine blue of a richness and intensity which he has probably never seen before and will not be likely to see again. The water of Lake Tahoe may equal it, but cannot surpass it. It is a far deeper and richer color than the blue of the sky above in the clearest day. Just at the margin of the lake it shades into a turquoise, which is, if possible, still more beautiful. Ordinarily the water surface is mirror-like, and reflects an inverted image of the surrounding cliff in full detail. Very majestic, too, are the great environing walls. On the west side they reach their greatest altitude, rising almost vertically more than 2,000 feet above the water. It is difficult to compare this scene with any other in the world, for there is none that sufficiently resembles it; but in a general way it may be said that it is of the same order of impressiveness and beauty as the Yosemite Valley. It was touching to see the worthy and untutored people, who had ridden a hundred miles in freight wagons to behold it, vainly striving to keep back tears as they poured forth their exclamations of wonder and of joy akin to pain. Nor was it less so to see so cultivated and learned a man as my companion hardly able to command himself to speak with his customary calmness."

Major Powell and Capt. Dutton talked the matter over, and agreed that a move to make the lake a national park should be made before Oregon had taken steps in that direction. The area of land withdrawn from settlement is ten townships, or 230,400 acres. This tract is only one tenth the size of Yellowstone Park.

REAL PLUCK.

There recently died in Cincinnati, O., a man who, though crippled in youth and subjected for years to a series of misfortunes which would have crushed the ambition of a weaker person, succeeded in realizing the dreams of his boyhood, and made himself known and respected in a much wider circle than the city in which he lived. The affecting story of his trials and triumphs is related by the "Cincinnati Commercial Gazette:"

John King was born in Cass County, Mich., in 1843, and there his relatives still reside. At the age of 16 the kick of a horse crippled him for life. Both limbs were useless and the poor boy was completely bedridden. It was during this time that his love for reading was developed. There were but few books in the neighborhood, but what there were he eagerly devoured, and then mentally resolved that if ever it should be in his power he would become the possessor of a library of choice books which should be all his own.

At the age of 25 he got off his bed, and for three years he hobbled about the house, unable to do any work. A situation was finally secured, but hardly a fortnight had elapsed when he was taken down with the small-pox. After leaving the pesthouse he went back to the firm where he had been employed, and began living in a little, roughly furnished room, at the corner of Third and Sycamore Streets. The work he could do in the factory was such as is commonly done by children, and about $3 per week was all he could make by his industry. It was with difficulty he could sustain life, and so he became a newsboy. The work was lighter and more generous rewards followed, and then it was that John conceived the idea of laying up money enough to buy him a home and a library, and for years his energies were bent in this direction. Whenever a book was offered he thought valuable and could be secured cheap he bought it.

The ten years referred to saw but one interruption in his work as a newsboy, and that came in the shape of a new misfortune. A blind man, a broom-maker, prevailed upon him to go to Sabina, Clinton Co., and, with his savings, which then amounted to $50, buy a broom machine. In a short time the firm failed, $150 in debt. King came back to Cincinnati, and in time sent back to Sabina the full amount of the claims existing between himself and the blind man. His earnings were about $1 per day. By the failure of the bank of Adae & Co. he lost $600, the savings of about the half of ten years of honest endeavor, which had been religiously set apart for a "good read" in his old age.

In May, 1879, Mr. Vickers, of the Public Library, received a note from John King, in which he stated that he would present to the Public Library his collection of books of about 2,700 volumes. It was found that the collection had been made with care and judgment, and was much more valuable than the average private library of the same number of volumes.

John King was married about seven years ago. His wife was a Southern girl, who had received a good education. Her family had been reduced by the war, and she had to depend upon her own exertions for support. The continuing volume of a book which she had been reading was not on the catalogue, and being very desirous of procuring it, she was referred to John King. He had the volume and gave it to her. From this incident sprang an interest and affection which ended in marriage. The couple lived contentedly for about three years, when the wife died of consumption. Since that time King has lived alone, still accumulating books, and apparently taking as great interest in the reading world as ever.

THE SAGACIOUS "BUMMER."

A correspondent, writing from Jacksonville, Ill., relates an incident which forms a remarkable example of canine sagacity.

The hero of the story, who showed himself to be a dog of such rare good judgment, is a Newfoundland dog, and he labors under the discouraging name of "Bummer:"

Bummer was sent home from the butcher's shop with a beefsteak neatly wrapped in brown paper. He carried the parcel safely in his mouth for some distance, when he was set upon by several other dogs which made persistent efforts to obtain the meat by snatching it from his mouth.

Bummer, of course, having his mouth full, could not bite, and if he laid the meat down to drive his assailants away, it would be seized and carried off by some of them while he was chasing the others.

Forced by necessity he laid down the meat and attacked the hungry crowd. One of them grabbed the meat and was making off with it when Bummer gave chase, and the dog was glad to drop his plunder and make good his escape.

In the chase the meat was dropped in one place and the paper in another, but Bummer on his return first picked up the paper, and then with this in his mouth seized the meat and resumed his road.

It would seem that he actually reasoned that if his teeth touched the meat it would become unfit for human use, however little it might be injured for a dog's appetite.

THE RACE FOR NEWS.

The "New York Times" tells the story of the manner in which the news of the *Oregon* disaster was secured for publication on the morning of Monday, March 15.

It was reported at the "Times" office at 6 P. M. on Sunday that the *Oregon* had sunk off Fire Island, and that the *Fulda*, with the rescued ship's company, was coming up the bay. This steamer must stop at quarantine to receive the health officer, and on account of the state of the tide it was probable that she would not be able to cross the bar and bring the news to the city until too late for publication in the early morning editions. It was therefore decided to meet her, and three "Times" reporters were dispatched to hire a tug and cruise down the bay. They found the *Ocean King*, and, taking with them a telegraph operator for use in case of emergency, they steamed out beyond Sandy Hook, where they met the great German steam-ship with her double freight of human beings. Running along-side they climbed on deck, where they were mistaken for the health officials at first and treated with a deference which vanished when their true character was revealed. The captain of the *Oregon* and a couple of clear-headed passengers were "interviewed," and the reporters, having finished their task on board, turned to leave, when they found that the captain had ordered their tug to keep away and refused to permit his unwilling passengers to leave the vessel. They, however, signaled to the *Ocean King* to come up, and one of them dropped over the side of the larger steamer and gained the deck of the tug. The German officers were furious, and their anger increased when they saw the remaining reporters toss their stories to their fugitive companion, who made for the city with such speed that the "Times" alone of the great dailies published full accounts of the now famous collision.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *or more; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

PASSING along the street of a little town we see that well-known institution—a liquor saloon. Its interior is hidden from the gaze of passers-by. A screen is placed before the door, and curtains are at the windows. Signs and symbols, glimpses at frescoes and pictures, strains of music, vocal or instrumental, invite one to enter. And one is curious to look in. One who loves liquor is tempted to go in. One who would gratify both curiosity and thirst is guaranteed against public exposure by intervening curtains, blinds, or other barriers.

BUT why those screens? If liquor selling is a legitimate business, why is a man ashamed of it? Why is he who sells ashamed? And why is he ashamed who buys? If it be a good thing, why hide it from public gaze? Groceries do not conceal their business transactions, unless, indeed, the groceries are groggeries. Dry goods stores do not put up screens at the door. They are not to be found in front of furniture or hardware stores. The soda fountain is not thus concealed. It stands in broad daylight. Now, we think that the soda fountain is in most cases useless—not harmful, giving a temporary relief from thirst and heat and putting liberal profits into the druggist's till. But no one is ashamed of taking a drink of soda-water. Nor is he afraid of it. Nor are his friends anxious about him because he indulges now and then in soda-water.

WHY not the same openness about wine and beer, and brandy and whisky? Well, we need not go far to find an answer. Liquor store screens are simply a protection against the public gaze. They are necessary to the trade. They secure customers. They keep the public eye from detecting young fellows who are just learning to drink. They shield "respectable men" who are becoming victims to drink. They hide the weak man's self-indulgence and the mean and avaricious man's villainy. The man who gives and the man who takes the cup are engaged in low and contemptible business and the screen is necessary, just as closed doors and the veil of darkness are necessary to the robber and the adulterer. It is a thief's device. It is one link in the plot by which one man defrauds another and takes from him wit, heart, conscience, home-love, a sense of justice, and a desire for eternal life. You may see blood on the screen at the door of a rum shop. You may hear groans of despair and cries of agony mingling with the song and laughter of the murderer and his victim beyond the screen.

Is not this a very strong putting of the case? Does it not savor of the hobbyist's extravagance and fanaticism? Well, what are the facts? Men may easily fall victims to appetite. The stimulus, the abnormal excitement, the wild joy produced by alcoholic drink, lead men slowly but surely into a state of bondage worse than any human slavery. This physical condition fosters all the worst passions of the soul—lust and hate. It represses, and in the end roots out, the noblest aspirations and affections of the soul. It breaks down the will. It takes faith and reverence away. It paralyzes conscience. Its ill effects are felt in every relation of life. Mother, wife, sister, daughter, are crushed by it. Business is wrecked by it. The gate of heaven is walled up by it. And all this evil work is wrought so insidiously that the victim is blinded from the beginning to his danger. When at last he awakes to his ruin, hope has left his soul. Now suppose that it were impossible for him to find liquor; suppose the law made it a crime for a man to sell it; suppose temptation were never put in his way—do we not see what safety he would have, what a blessing he might be to others, and how differently his life would be ordered and ended? Who is it puts the temptation before him? The rum seller. Who is it kindles the first spark and flame of the dangerous appetite? The rum seller. Who is it fosters his evil craving and gratifies it? The rum seller. And for what? For money. He feeds his family and fills his coffers through the ruin of his neighbor. This is simple fact.

WHAT shall be done? The liquor dealer will do nothing but go on—manufacturing, selling, tempting, winning money, and ruining men. The liquor drinker will do nothing but go on—drinking, weakening, deteriorating, dying. There is no help from men in the traffic, and none from the victims. The political parties, as such, intent on place, power, and gain, will do nothing but go on plotting, and wire-pulling, and compromising. What shall be done? Certainly something must be done, and the sooner it is begun the better. And whatever is done against the evil must be recognized as so much of a gain, even though it be not according to our personal convictions or preferences. An evil so manifold in its operations and so wide-spread will find an almost infinite variety of remedies, and of physicians who are eager, through good or bad motive, to test their theories and gain credit for success. Personal ambition and pride of opinion have many a time spoiled a good work. The very intensity of feeling produced by the gigantic evils assailed will sometimes blind the judgment, and men will attempt in harsh and sudden ways what can be accomplished only by calmness, steadiness, and by the lapse of time. Such differences of opinion and of policy may work harm to the best cause in the world, and therefore we need wisdom, and charity, and patience. Defective schemes for correcting the evil must be tested. Those who don't believe in them must, seeing that the experiment is bound to be made, give all the aid they conscientiously can to the experiment, entering in advance such protest as may be thought necessary to vindicate themselves later on. Instead of denouncing each other we must as far as possible help each other in all these tests of methods.

HIGH license seems to us the most unwise of all the schemes proposed. There are men whose consciences will not allow them to thus compromise with the iniquity. But where high license is the rule, make the scoundrels pay to the last penny the price of their iniquity. While we may not be parties to the adoption of the policy, when in spite of our influence it is adopted, let us view the price as a penalty and see that every

cent is paid. Moral suasion is mighty. Let us employ it steadily, vigorously, faithfully—through the press, the pulpit, the platform, and personal visitation. But the most villainous villains of this foul conspiracy against the rights of men are impervious to moral argument. They are reached only by policemen, prison, and chain-gang. The one grand remedy of the great evil we deplore is PROHIBITION. The statute books must recognize the liquor traffic as a crime, and the State must deal with it accordingly. It is a crime. Call it a crime. Treat it as a crime. By law shut up every rum shop. If necessary imprison every rum seller. Drive the class by lash of public scorn and by execution of law into honest business or into the sea. In order to do this we need discussion. Then let us have it. We need an awaking of the public conscience. Let us at it. We need hand-to-hand work with voters and legislators. Let us begin at once and never cease until the evil is uprooted. Let us send salute and pledge of help to FRANCES E. WILLARD and her exceeding great army of royal workers in this great cause!

ONE other thing let us not fail to do. The children of the land must be trained to self-control. The will must be educated. They must learn before they are five years old to resolve against evil and to compel Inclination to succumb to Principle. Then they will resist temptation. And they will have firmness enough as men to vote for Prohibition, and to see to it that a law once enacted is executed. Then shall Temperance and Righteousness prevail in the land. Then shall Peace reign. Mothers will be helped in the conflict, now so unequal because of society and the weakness of law, to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And the Church will have new opportunity to reach rational beings with her high ministers of grace, and love, and hope.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for April 11, 1886. THE FIRST DISCIPLES.—John 1. 35–51.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 1. 37.

PREFATORY. The incarnation of the eternal WORD is effected. The "holy thing" beneath the Virgin's heart became a babe, a boy of twelve years, a man of thirty. And now having been baptized by John, and having passed through the forty days' fast and the three fierce temptations of the desert, the temple, and the mountain, he stands a worker and a leader among men. The scene of the lesson is chiefly in the Jordan valley—six thousand miles away from our Hudson River valley; and this event occurred about eighteen hundred and fifty years ago. Another hemisphere, another civilization, another age—and yet the man we study is a man of to-day. We could grasp his hand and feel that he belongs to us, that he holds a gift in his keeping that we need as really and as greatly as did Jews and Greeks beyond the seas and beyond the centuries.

INTERROGATORY. Who are the four described in verses 35 and 36? Who was left alone in verse 37, and what probably were his thoughts? Repeat the conversation of verses 38 and 39. Why were the two so much interested in the Rabbi? What application have the three words of the Rabbi in verse 39 to us? Find in verses 40–51 a lesson for brothers; an illustration of prejudice; a proof of honest surrender to conviction; an evidence of more than human insight; a mysterious prophecy. What practical hints would religious conviction and common sense gather from this lesson?

HOMILY. It is a good thing to find a good friend. Now a "good friend," as the phrase goes in this world, may be of our own kind, no whit better than we are, and no higher up. We take to each other because we like the same things, yield to the same influences, and are not in any danger of being rebuked by each other. We are "good friends," smoking together, drinking together, going to circus and theater together, wasting time together. Such "good friends" are poor enough friends. A really good friend is a friend who does us good. He chides us by his spirit, and talk, and life. He makes us tired and sick of our old ways and of our unworthy selves. He opens a better life. He gives us a taste of a higher and nobler experience. We go away from him with ideas, and impulses, and resolves—all better than we had before. After he has gone we recall him, his words, and looks, and ways. We try to do as he would do under any given circumstances. We want to see him again.

Only to-day I met a gentleman of remarkable ability. He is a physician who has read and traveled and written and practiced in his profession, gaining knowledge and skill at every step. It is an inspiration to hear him talk. To-day he opened out on new discoveries in medicine, on some experiments he had made in the study of mind-cure, on certain treatment he had undergone to restore his own nervous system to a sound tone. And when he talked of his personal faith in God his face was aglow with enthusiasm. I came away inspired. I had met and been touched by a man, that man my personal friend.

It is a grand thing for young people to fall in with worthy friends; to follow them; to touch them by talk and by vision; to ask questions; to bring our other friends into their society. Now, such a friend was Jesus. With this difference—he was divine. He was divine-human. He knew God's thought. He felt God's feeling of grace. And yet he knew man. He knew man as child, as boy, as worker, as thinker, as man receiving heavenly visions, and as man tempted on all sides. What a friend to have! Well, he is still a friend. Not having seen him, we may nevertheless know and love him. Go through the lesson to see what qualities there are in him to make him a valuable friend.

PRAYER. Thou Lamb of God, Who takest away the sin of the world; Who art the same yesterday, to-day, and forever: We "seek" Thee, we "follow" Thee, we would "abide" with Thee. Of Thee did "Moses in the law and the prophets" write. "Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel." Thou art "the Son of man." Appear to us, call to us, welcome us, give us the new name, search us, open the heaven upon us, and with the "angels of God" we will love and serve Thee. Amen.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That the term of the itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church should be extended to six years.

Arguments for the Negative.

No. 1.—No pastor satisfies the whole membership. The triennial change provides a diversity of talent, suited to the several tastes and needs—what one pastor omits his successor supplies. It prevents the organization of *cliques* or parties in the Church. It saves pastor and people a world of anxiety.

Most pastors accomplish their greatest good within the present term. An extended pastorate proves impracticable. Six denominations in a city had twenty-two pastors within ten years, an average pastorate of less than three years.

A minister served a city charge with entire satisfaction. The membership mourned and almost rebelled at parting. It was agreed that he would return after three years. His next charge immediately adjoined the first, so that he was virtually with one people six years. The *ideal* term developed in him what the *true* term left undiscovered. The first charge did not want him back. O. M. G.
Lebanon, Ohio.

No. 2.—I have strong reasons for opposing the arguments which have appeared in the last number of OUR YOUTH. One person says that it takes some time for a minister to get acquainted with his people. So it does; but I don't think much of a Methodist minister that cannot get acquainted with his people in a year. He then has two years to work in.

There are but very few congregations in the country that can keep a minister six years and have good feeling all around, and some that cannot keep one even three.

I want the Methodist denomination to be the top one always, but I don't think she can do it if she extends the stay of her ministers. Then there would be people who would get tired of the ministers and go round to other churches, and there would be an itinerancy of the people instead of the ministers. C. H. GOODRICH.

No. 3.—The term of the itinerancy should not be extended beyond three years because the preacher can in a very short time ascertain the spiritual condition of his flock without taking years to acquaint himself with their individual requirements. Being a comparative stranger he can declare the whole counsel of God without fear of being personal.

The short term gives to the preacher a wide field of observation, in which he learns many valuable things for sermonizing.

Churches are benefited by it with variety, affording scholarly, logical, passionate, emotional, metaphysical, heavenly-minded, biblical, and practical, hard-pan preachers, all of which are necessary to build up a strong, healthy, and vigorous Church.

The three years' term has worked and resulted in the Methodist Church since its origin with unparalleled success, and is now growing with marvelous rapidity. It is therefore needless to extend the term to six years. GEO. T. BESWICK.

Notices.

Negative arguments should be forwarded to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before April* 3, 1886.

"**The Journalist**" *will appear in No.* 20, *April* 17.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:
And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE TEN POINTS OF DOCTRINE.

I. I believe that all men are sinners.
II. I believe that God the Father loves all men and hates all sin.
III. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.
IV. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten and to incline them to repent of their sins and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
V. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.]
VI. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. [This is regeneration.]
VII. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.]
VIII. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.]
IX. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.]
X. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. [This is the true final perseverance.]

COMMIT to memory the "Apostles' Creed" and the "Ten Points."

To be a Methodist is to be a Christian. Methodism is Christianity. It is nothing more. It is nothing less. The aim of Methodism is to promote Christian ideas, Christian conviction, Christian experience, Christian conduct, Christian progress, Christian perfection, and Christian institutions. Methodist thinkers believe that the branch of the Holy Catholic Church which they represent is the most true, the most wise, the most practical of all the branches which constitute the great Church-tree whose leaves, and shadows, and fruits bless the ages. True Methodists care less for the outward than the inward, less for the form than the substance, less for the letter than the spirit. They love their own, but they love all. They build up their own, but it is that they may build up all. They come into a land not chiefly to extend their own borders or increase their own numbers, but to spread scriptural holiness through all the land and thence through all lands. When they work for Methodism as a denomination it is that Methodism may help others. Methodism as a denomination is not an end, but a means. In this sense the larger end is Christianity, and Methodism works for it and rejoices in it; and nothing that pertains to Christianity is foreign to Methodism.

IN the Tract Society publication lists are several useful "booklets" which our own young people should read. They cost but a trifle. Your minister may appropriate a part of the annual collection of the Church to the purchase of these publications. If your Church is too poor to buy, or too poor to take a large collection for the Tract Society, the preacher in charge may order the tracts and the Society will give them without money and without price. We want you to have all the religious literature you need to carry on your Church work.

CALL for the following tracts: "The Genius of Methodism," by Rev. R. H. Howard, A.M. New Series, No. 103. 8 pages. "Distinctive Features of Methodism," by Dr. L. D. Barrows. Paper cover, 44 pages. "Articles of Religion and General Rules. With Scripture Proofs and Illustrations." Arranged by Dr. B. Hawley. No. 27. 20 pages. "Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver; or, the General Rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Illustrated with Choice Sentences of Condensed Wisdom, Prose and Poetic, Profane and Sacred." By Rev. C. W. Millen. Paper cover, 36 pages. Girls should read Josephine Pollard's Series, Nos. 1 to 8 of New Series, on the following topics: "How do you Speak?" "What do you Read?" "Who are your Associates?" "How do you Dress?" "How do you Spend your Sundays?" "What is your Home Life?" "Do you Care for your Body?" "Do you Care for your Soul?" Why not send to Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York, or to Cranston & Stowe, Cincinnati or Chicago, for a Tract Catalogue?

WE have words of encouragement from Rev. A. H. Lucas, Greeley, Col., who says:

"Our Oxford League is doing a good work, and gives promise of still better work, because the members are fully in sympathy with its purpose as never before.

"We have read the first grade, and are now on the second. We have a membership of thirty who have read the first grade—the most of whom will take the second. We endeavor to give variety to our meetings by having subjects covering as large a field as is convenient. Thus, one evening is devoted to some author in literature, another to some topic in science, another almost exclusively given to music or to essays and papers on different subjects. We keep up the readings all the time, but do not review them at every meeting. We have also held a number of receptions for the entire Church, which have added to the social interests of the League and Church. I think there is a bright future for the Oxford League in the State of Colorado."

A TEACHER reports the following dialogue in her infant Sunday-school class recently: "From a roll of fifty an intermediate class had been formed, thus thinning the ranks of the primary department. The teacher said, 'If you will bring in enough new scholars to bring up our class to fifty again, I'll get you a "Baby organ," and we shall have an organist and some bright new songs.' A timid girl said, 'I know of six I can get.' A boy said, 'I know where I can get fifty.' Then half a dozen scholars called out, 'We can get a hundred! a hundred!! a hundred!!!' 'Indeed,' exclaimed the teacher, 'I am glad you know of so many, but where will you find them all?' A chorus of thirty voices added, 'Baptist Church! Baptist Church!! There's lots of them there.'"

IT is a good thing for Methodist people to build up their own school, but when they draw on Baptist Sunday-schools to do it they are in very small business. And if Baptists should adopt the same policy toward Methodist schools there would be no less meanness involved. So our correspondent thought, and so we think.

AN "Alliance" has been formed copying all the distinctive features of the Oxford League without giving credit. And its leading idea is "the promotion of holiness!" Well, if some good is done by it we ought to be glad. And we shall be.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

ON USING LONG WORDS.

ONE night Dr. Johnson, who was the literary king of England at a time when England sadly needed a king of some kind, was sitting in a London coffee-house surrounded by his friends and subjects, among whom the mild-mannered Dr. Goldsmith was a prominent figure.

Goldsmith was telling the fable of the little fishes when he happened to catch the eye of Johnson, who was laughing at him. Stopping short, the story-teller turned to the great man and said, "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like WHALES."

The company enjoyed this thrust thoroughly, for Johnson, ripe scholar and gifted author that he was, certainly used the longest and roundest words that ever endangered the jaw of mortal man. Some said of him that he should have been born a giant so that his mouth might be large enough for his words.

Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), a writer who has deservedly won a name as a novelist within the past two or three years, reminds one strongly of old Dr. Johnson in some of her descriptions. We quote a few passages which show that Miss Murfree in her close study of Tennessee life has not entirely neglected the unabridged dictionary:

"A half-grown Shanghai pullet was pecking about the big flat stones of the hearth in a *premature and unprescient proximity to the pot.*"

"All the world was sunk in gloom, till gradually *a rayonnant heralding halo* . . . appeared."

"The nature of the land showed that *acrobatic ability* was a *corequisite* with *agricultural* capacity."

We do not mean to say that such long words as these are out of taste when Miss Murfree uses them, but she does lay herself open to the charge of affectation, and even pedantry.

"Putting on airs" is to be avoided under all circumstances, and especially in any thing so frequently used as language.

We call a man a pedant when he unnecessarily displays his learning, or rather the appearance of it; for we always suspect the man who evidently puts his best foot forward, and we are more than half-inclined to believe that his other is a wooden leg.

Some people make the sad mistake of supposing that if they provide themselves with a stately and magnificent word-wardrobe that their ideas will grow in form and beauty to fit the ermine and flowing trains. There was never a greater error. Large words have their uses, but when taken out of their proper places they often present a most ridiculous appearance. Just as "slang" will not win one the name of being bright or witty, so large words alone will not give one a reputation for learning.

Mr. Rideing, in his article "The First English Song," mentions the character of the early poetry, but perhaps our readers may be interested in seeing a couple of lines from one of these Anglo-Saxon poems. The following verses from the original are translated so as to give an idea of the peculiar form which took the place of rhyme in those days:

"Ge-*w*ât thâ ofer *w*æg-holm *w*inde ge-fysed
*F*tola *f*âmig-heals *f*ugle gelîcost."

"*W*ent then over the sea-*w*ave, *w*ind impelled
The *b*oat with *b*ow of foam, likest a *b*ird."

This looks like a school cipher, doesn't it? The only regularity consists in the triple alliteration, three words in each line beginning with the same letter. Compared with the smooth and graceful lines of our own poets this seems like rough work indeed.

Familiar Quotations.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."—*Bishop Berkeley.*

"Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?"—*George Herbert.*

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

A Narrow-gauge Railroad.

We have hinted at a plan by which the boys of a community may put their spare cash into a common fund, and expend it in some enterprise which no individual would be likely to undertake alone, and which will provide all with pleasure and amusement.

It is our purpose to give a few specific ways in which this co-operation could be made valuable and practical. To begin with, then, we propose the organization of a company for the construction and operation of a narrow-gauge railroad.

This sounds formidable, but when we describe the proposed road the plan will seem more feasible. The first requisite for building a railroad is capital. You must have money to buy materials, and in most cases to pay laborers, but in this instance the latter expense will be little or nothing, as the directors are to be track-layers, brakemen, etc., as well. Let us suppose that ten young railroad magnates have met, organized the "Enfield Narrow-gauge Railroad Company," elected James Eastman *President*, Sam Foot *Vice-President*, Ed Field *Secretary* and *Treasurer*, and Fred Cantrell *Superintendent*. After a careful estimate it has been decided that $50 will be needed to construct and equip the new road. This $50 is divided into fifty $1 shares, and each member of the company is expected to become responsible for five shares. President Eastman has a printing press, and, as a result of an inky morning's work, the following certificate is prepared:

ENFIELD NARROW-GAUGE R. R. CO.

This is to certify that----------

owns one share ($1) *in the E. N. R. R. Co.*

$1. *Edward Field,*
Treas.

Father, mother, and friends find themselves suddenly besieged, and it is not long before dollar bills have changed places with stock certificates.

A meeting of the company is called, and the treasurer reports that the capital has been paid up in full. The next question is, Where shall the road be built, and how long will the capital warrant them in making it?

After some little discussion it is decided to accept Vice-President Foot's offer of an empty lot belonging to his father as the site of the new road, and a committee on construction, with Superintendent Cantrell at its head, is appointed, and is instructed to report as soon as possible. We shall be compelled to wait until next week to hear this important report.

An Old Game of Ball.

There is a very old game at ball, called "Fives," which was known in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and declared by her to be "the best sport she had ever seen."

For this game a garden wall with a piece of smooth ground before it is necessary. A line is drawn with chalk on the wall at a distance of about a yard from the bottom. On the ground a long line is marked out, with two other lines at right angles with it reaching to the wall, forming an oblong square. This space marks the "bounds."

The players stand in a row outside the boundary line, a player on each side standing alternately; for, of course, as it is a trial of skill, the players divide as at croquet.

The first begins the game by bouncing the ball on the ground, in the Chinese manner of playing ball. On its rebounding, she strikes it with the palm of her hand against the wall in such a manner that at its descent it shall fall outside the bounds.

This is done only for the *first stroke;* after it, the ball must be struck so as to fall *within bounds*, otherwise the opposite party count "one."

The players strike the ball in turn, first one and then the other. If any player misses the ball at the rebound, or strikes it beneath the line on the wall, or hits it out of bounds, the opposite side count "one." "Fifteen" is the game, and the side which counts it first wins.

The following remarkable bicycle record has been made by a member of the Essex Bicycle Club, of Newark, N. J. The wheel he rode was a 48-inch Harvard Roadster. He rode during one year (254 riding days) 5,040 miles, and in October alone 814. In a little over three years this same gentleman has ridden 15,230 miles through some of the most beautiful parts of New Jersey, New York, and New England.

A Charade.

A correspondent from Moline, Ill., sends us the following charade:

OFF A party buy tickets and start on an excursion.
ICE Same party go through the movements of skating.
SEE Two or three persons enter the room and become very observing.
CUR A dog, or a small boy takes the part of a dog.
OFFICE-SEEKER—Man interviews the President about a post-office appointment.

Home Exercise.

Mr. R. A. Proctor, in his new book, "Strength and Happiness," describes a home-made dumb-boxer, with which the readers of Our Youth may enjoy a bout or two:

"A calf-skin bag, fourteen or fifteen inches in diameter, hung by a stout cord from the ceiling (if there is a beam to it, or from a cord stretched between two high nails on opposite sides of the room), will make a capital dumb-boxer. The bag should hang at about the height of the chin, so that its highest part is opposite the eyes and its lowest part opposite the chest. Pound away at this as if it were the head and shoulders of a living opponent. Hit out from the shoulder, so that it flies up to the celling; catch it 'a good one' as it flies back toward you; advance a step, and hit it so that at the next rebound it flies over your head; spring sharply round and meet it on that side; hit it upward till the cord loops; hit it 'round arm,' so that if you are not quick enough it catches you on the back of the head. In five minutes' time (which later you may extend to ten) you will be puffing and panting like the conventional grampus."

The "tandem" tricycle is one of the latest forms of wheel locomotion. The two riders sit one behind the other, and both contribute power toward running the machine. While not as pleasant as the "sociable" in which the seats are side by side, it is claimed that the "tandem" can make better time and economize power.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Think of pet kittens communicating diphtheria to a family of five children—all of whom died! Better kill the kittens. It is said by a distinguished physician that "typhoid fever, diphtheria, hydrophobia, measles, and parasitic diseases of the skin are often communicated to the human race by animals."

Gather some profit to thy soul wheresoever thou art; so that if thou seest or hearest of any good examples, thou stir up thyself to the imitation thereof.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

"The *Etruria*, of the Cunard line, has made the quickest transatlantic voyage. In August, 1885, she came from Queenstown to New York in 6 days, 5 hours, and 44 minutes, and in September she was 6 days, 7 hours, 30 minutes from New York to Queenstown."—*The Tribune.*

Theophile Gautier says:

"Music is the most expensive and disagreeable of noises." And he is said to have printed the following warning above his poems:

"It is forbidden to deposit any music along these verses."

The butler of a great lady of fashion was overheard by her, one day, discussing the vicissitudes of life with a fellow-servant.

"My dear fellow," he ejaculated, "I am afraid that our people are going in for economy. Only fancy! at the party yesterday evening I see with my own eyes my lady and Miss Hisabel a-playin' on one piano at the same time."

Think of a coil of steam-pipe under your bed at home, heated to a degree that burns your fingers at the touch. Then you have the luxury of a lower berth in a sleeping-car. Now close every window with a pane of plate glass, shut every ventilator, keep both doors closed, and let eight kerosene lamps be burning for four or five hours in the evening, and hear the porter say to a boor,

"You can smoke at the gentlemen's end of the car, sir."

This is comfort on a spring night. In midwinter when it is really cold the porter "can't make them pipes hot to save" his life.

Speaking of smoking in a palace or sleeping car—can a *gentleman* smoke, even though it be by the porter's permission, in a car where there are ladies? We really think that a *gentleman* of breeding, a through and through gentleman, cannot.

Is there not a tendency in the tobacco habit to destroy or blunt the finest instincts of the gentleman?

Answer—There is.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Netherlands.

(Area, 12,648 sq. miles; population, 4,225,065; ruler, King William III.)

THIS kingdom occupies the low portion of Europe between Germany, Belgium, and the North Sea. There are no mountains, and much of the land is actually below the sea-level and is protected from the waters by extensive dykes. A complicated system of canals provides means of communication. Most of the people are farmers; and Dutch cattle and dairy products are famous. The foreign possessions of Holland—in the East and West Indies—are of great value, and with them and other countries a large commerce is carried on. Much of the commerce of Germany also is transacted through Dutch ports. Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, which is the capital, are the chief cities. Many smaller towns are famous for their industries, or for their part in the nation's eventful history. Religious freedom prevails, and the Protestants outnumber the Catholics two to one. Education is now compulsory, but nearly one third of the people can neither read nor write. The government of the kingdom is regulated by a constitution granted in October, 1848.

The Netherlands were a part of Charlemagne's vast empire, but after his death the German Empire absorbed the low countries (870), and the various provinces of this region were gradually welded together (1384–1472) under the Dukes of Burgundy. Following this line, they descended to Charles V. of Spain, who, as a Hapsburg, became Emperor of Germany (1519), and granted the Netherlanders many privileges. His son, Philip II. of Spain, was a severe ruler, and under him began the war of Liberation (1568–1648). The presence of a Spanish garrison and the threatened introduction of the Inquisition were the causes of the war. The Duke of Alva was sent to suppress the revolt, but failed, after inflicting cruelties which have made his name infamous. William "the Silent," Prince of Orange, was the ablest leader of the Dutch, and his efforts united the Protestant provinces in the League of Utrecht (1579). In 1581 independence was proclaimed, but the war continued. Elizabeth of England sent troops to aid the Dutch, thus provoking Spain to retaliate by means of the Spanish Armada. At the close of the Thirty Years' War (1648) the freedom of the Dutch Republic was universally recognized.

In the 17th century Holland rivaled Great Britain on the seas and planted many colonies. Louis XIV. of France attacked the little republic, but it maintained its separate existence until 1794, when it was swept away in the tide of the French Revolution. The Batavian Republic was then established. This gave place (1806) to a subject kingdom ruled by Napoleon's brother Louis, and all pretense of independence was removed (1810) when Holland was annexed to France. Three years later the French were expelled by a popular rising. The Congress of Vienna (1815) united Holland and Belgium as the kingdom of the Netherlands. The two nations did not agree, and the Belgians revolted in 1830, and succeeded in establishing a separate government in 1839.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous, to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign.

—*From Goldsmith's Traveler.*

The Proceedings of Congress.

CONGRESS made slow progress with the regular business of the session in the month of March. The committees of both Houses have now prepared most of the important subjects for legislation, and are now reporting bills more rapidly than they can be disposed of. The time of the Senate has been largely occupied with the discussion of the right of that body to review the President's reasons for removing United States officials. Mr. Edmunds has led the Republican assault upon the President's position, and the debate has been heated and prolonged. The Edmunds resolution, asserting the authority of the Senate, passed Mar. 26 by one majority. The principal bills which the Senate has approved are the Blair Bill, appropriating the sum of $79,000,000 for national education, and a bill to increase the pensions of soldiers' widows to $12 per month. The latter bill has become a law, and its provisions require a draft of $6,000,000 upon the treasury. The Blair Bill is opposed in the Lower House, and its friends are making an earnest effort to secure its early consideration. The Senate and House concur in granting an annual pension of $2,000 to the widow of the late Gen. Hancock.

The House has passed three of the fifteen appropriation bills—for deficiencies, the Indians, and pensions. The first allows $634,000 for government expenses not covered by the estimates for last year; the second appropriates $5,500,000 for the support of the Indians; and the last provides for the expenditure of $75,000,000 for pensions in 1887. The Postal Bill, $54,000,000, comes next in order. The Silver Question in the form of a bill to stop the coinage of the standard silver dollar is the subject of the Saturday debates in the House, but no vote has yet been taken. The Senate is also considering the proposition of Senators Logan and Manderson to increase the size of the regular army to thirty thousand men, and to improve its organization. The Tariff Bill, prepared by Mr. Morrison, is still in the hands of the House Committee, who are listening to testimony from representatives of the industries which are likely to be affected by such changes as it makes in the import duties. The anti-Chinese measure has been defeated in the House Committee on Foreign Affairs by a single vote, and the Eads Bill, granting the financial support of the government to the project of constructing a ship-railway across Central America, still lingers in the committee rooms of the Senate, and is likely to remain there in spite of the recommendations of the President. Nothing has been done in the House toward the admission of Dakota or of any new States. Everything points to an unusually long session, lasting, perhaps, well into the summer.

The Strike in the South-west.

THE most extensive as well as the most obstinate strike of the year is that upon the Missouri Pacific or South-western railroad system. The facts in the case gleaned from a host of conflicting telegrams are substantially as follows: Some time in February a man was discharged from the shops of the Texas and Pacific Railroad upon the alleged ground of absence without leave, but as the Knights of Labor assert because he was an earnest worker in the cause of their order. They asked that he be reinstated, and when their request was refused they struck. To render this strike more effective the order was issued to the employees of the Missouri Pacific, the eastern connection of the offending railroad, to leave their work. Thus by cutting off the business of the former road they hoped to bring it to terms.

These two railroads are part of the South-western system, which operates over 6,000 miles of railroads in the States of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. The Texas and Pacific Railroad has been for some time in the hands of a receiver, that is, the United States courts have taken possession and manage its affairs in the interest of its creditors. Here the strike began. The second strike, on the Missouri Pacific, was ordered on the 6th of March and rapidly spread among the workmen. It affected freight traffic only, and since the first day of the trouble only two or three trains have been moved out of St. Louis or Kansas City. The engineers do not belong to the Knights, but in most instances have yielded to the solicitations of their friends among the strikers and left their engines.

A strike on these roads one year ago was settled by the arbitration of the governors of Missouri and Kansas, who drew up an agreement regulating the future dealings of the company with its employees. Colonel Hoxie, the vice-president of the Missouri Pacific, states that this agreement has been broken by the men, who have left their posts without declaring their grievance.

On the 18th of March it was announced that the receivers of the Texas and Pacific were willing to have the case of the discharged workman settled by the courts. This apparently removes the cause of the original strike. But there is no change on the Missouri Pacific, and Mr. Powderly, the head of the Knights of Labor, offered to confer with the authorities of that road in the endeavor to reach an understanding. Colonel Hoxie refused to meet him for such a purpose, charging his organization with breach of faith and laying upon it the responsibility of a further continuance of the difficulty. Mr. Powderly then withdrew from the affair. The governors of Missouri and Kansas next offered their services, and presented an agreement by which the workmen were to return, the company reserving the right to reject any who had participated in the attempts to injure the property of the road. This was promptly rejected by the strikers as inconsistent with their dignity, and there the matter stands at the present writing,—a complete deadlock between the company, which refuses to hear any alleged grievances of the men, and the workmen, who refuse to accept any of the terms thus far offered by their former employers.

The Fisheries Question.

A SUBJECT which concerns this country and its nearest neighbor, Canada, is the right of American citizens to catch fish in Canadian waters. One of the chief industries of the New England States has always been the cod fishery of the Banks. These Banks are well out to sea, and there is no question as to the right of any one who wishes to fish there. But the New England fishermen have been accustomed to run in shore in search of the small herring which are used for bait. This is offensive to the Canadians, who justly regard this as a trespass upon their property. By the rules of international law the jurisdiction of a country extends three miles into the sea. But here again is cause for dispute, for it has not been settled whether this distance should in the case of a bay be measured from headland to headland or

should in all cases follow the inequalities of the shore. By the Treaty of Washington in 1871, the United States and Great Britain agreed that the fisheries question should be submitted to a joint commission for adjustment. This board met at Halifax in 1877, and agreed to grant Americans the right to fish in Canadian waters. In return for this concession the Canadians were allowed to sell their fish in the United States free from the usual import duty. As it was thought that this exemption was not sufficient compensation, the commission awarded to Canada the sum of $5,500,000 to balance the account. This was paid by our government. But the United States considered this a losing bargain, and abrogated the agreement in July, 1885. This action has restored the arrangement of 1818, which forbids fishermen from the United States to fish within the three-mile limit or to enter a Canadian port except for refuge or to repair damages. Inasmuch as we have relied for bait upon what we could take along shore or buy of the shore fishermen, the new restrictions are annoying and the temptation to infringe them is strong. The Canadians are again excluded from our markets by a heavy duty. The sentiment in the Dominion seems to favor a strict enforcement of the laws, and any American vessels found within the three-mile limit are liable to seizure by Canadian cruisers. It is clear that there is need of prompt action on the part of both governments to avoid the collision which must occur if things are allowed to take their present course.

A Brief Survey.

THE Mikado of Japan and the President of the Mexican Republic have subscribed $500 apiece to the New York Grant monument fund, which at present amounts to $120,118.——The surrender of Geronimo, the leader of the Apache renegades, which has been reported several times, is flatly denied by General Crook, who commands the troops in Arizona.——The governor of California has appointed George Hearst, a Democrat, to succeed the late John F. Miller as United States Senator from that State.——The schooner which sank the *Oregon* has not yet been identified.——Ex-Justice Ward Hunt, of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at Washington, March 24, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.——The petition of the government to annul and vacate the Bell telephone patent was filed in the United States Court at Columbus, O., March 23.——The investigation of the Pan-Electric matter continues at Washington before the special Congressional committee.——Twenty missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church started from New York March 20. They are to meet Bishop Taylor in Africa and begin labor in the Congo Free State.

The French Senate has agreed to the education bill which provides that all teachers in the national schools shall be selected from the laity. This is another step in the direction of excluding religious influences entirely from the schools.——The German government has abandoned its attempt to carry the brandy monopoly measure, and is framing bills to increase the revenue by raising the tax on spirits and laying a tax on beet-root, which is cultivated in great quantities in Germany for the manufacture of sugar.——Greece continues her warlike preparations in spite of the admonitions of the Powers whose combined fleets are stationed at Suda Bay in Crete to be ready for use in case the Greeks should have the temerity to attack the Turks.——Nineteen Russian peasants who had been bitten by mad wolves arrived in Paris March 15 for treatment by Pasteur. He began the inoculations immediately, but after five days it was seen that one of the men was growing worse. He died March 22 with all the symptoms of hydrophobia.

The Spanish republicans have formed a coalition for the purpose of agitating in every way the re-establishment of the republic. Señor Castelar, the ex-president, holds aloof from this party on the ground that there is no real union.——The discovery of an extensive oil region in upper Egypt near the Red Sea is reported.——The eighty-ninth birthday of the German emperor was celebrated at Berlin March 22. The emperor received congratulations from the various European courts and from the pope of Rome.——Serious riots are reported in Belgium. The trouble arose out of anarchist meetings in the iron mining district, between the cities of Namur and Liege. Repeated assaults have been made by the mob upon persons and property, and the troops were called out to protect the city of Liege from plunder.

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TO OUR READERS.

WE commence this week a new department in OUR YOUTH. We believe that the readers of this and of any other well-edited and well-managed periodical come after a while to take somewhat of that familiar interest in the business affairs of their weekly visitor that they feel in the affairs of other intimate friends who are in the habit of dropping in frequently for a social chat or for the performance of neighborly duties. We want to cultivate just this friendly feeling between our subscribers and the publishers.

We propose to take you, reader, into our confidence, from time to time explaining our plans and reporting our successes. In return we invite you to make suggestions for the improvement of the paper and for extending its circulation, and inform us what features in the paper please you and what ought to be modified.

We want you to feel that our constant aim and effort are to make just such a paper as will please you and be a benefit to our Church. We intend to furnish the very best paper that we can within our limitations.

There is one limitation to which we are subject which is a serious one. It is the price. The Book Committee when it authorized the publication of the paper fixed the price at $1 25 a year—less than that of any other paper of its class in the country. This necessitates a very large circulation.

OUR YOUTH is a grand paper, and is cordially appreciated by all who have seen it. We publish below some extracts from letters received. OUR YOUTH already has a large circulation, which is steadily increasing, but it must increase still more rapidly and to larger proportions in order that we may be able to publish such a paper as we want to give you. We are furnishing now the best paper for the money in the country, but we have not by any means reached the summit of our ambition.

If every one of you will constitute himself (or herself) a committee to show the paper to friends and try to secure their subscriptions, we shall be able to do all that we want to do for OUR YOUTH. We will gladly furnish any number of specimen copies that may be necessary, but a little personal influence exerted by you, and a word of praise from some disinterested person who knows the paper as you know it, will afford just that element of persuasion which is needed to make the specimen copies effective. If every subscriber will send us five or ten new names, what a goodly company of readers we shall have! If every Methodist preacher and every superintendent of our Sunday-schools will send us a club of new subscribers we shall have a subscription list of 100,000 in the first year of OUR YOUTH, and what a success that would be! What a paper we could then give you! Try it, and you will be surprised to find how easy it is to do it. Write for specimen copies and terms to getters up of clubs, and send on the names and money as fast as you get them.

GOOD WORDS FOR "OUR YOUTH."

CONTENTS DEVOURED AGAIN AND AGAIN.

One of our preachers, speaking of his son who died a few weeks ago, says: "He was delighted with his paper, OUR YOUTH, and devoured its contents with great relish, and when he was so sick that he could not read he would ask his aunt, his mother, or his grandmother to read to him out of his paper. Many of the articles were read to him again and again."

MORE THAN SATISFIED.

"I am more than satisfied with the paper. If I am not mistaken it is destined to work more good than I can foresee even in my most hopeful moments. In my judgment it is *just what is needed* by the young people of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I think it *will supplement grandly the spiritual work* of the Church among this class with a wholesome mental pabulum."

HIGHLY APPRECIATED.

"Your paper is a welcome visitor and highly appreciated."

AN EDUCATING POWER.

"I have received less than $100 support from my charge since last Conference, and yet I spare $5—to pay for five copies of the above [ten]. I have great confidence in the educating power of OUR YOUTH, and think where it is *once introduced it will generally stay.*"

"ADHESIVE MATERIAL" FOR THE RISING GENERATION.

"I welcome the appearance of this periodical. We have needed just such a *specialty* for our Methodist children. The department in the 'Advocate' has usually been too limited. I know Dr. Vincent will give us just such spicy and healthful diet as our youngsters crave. . . . If the little folks are to be permanently attached to our people then the Church must furnish the requisite 'adhesive material'—otherwise they will drift off into other channels. I rejoice in this 'new departure' and believe it will contribute largely to molding the rising generation to become enlightened and zealous in their Church associations."

WILL DO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE INCALCULABLE GOOD.

"INCLOSED please find check for twenty-five dollars, for which send for one year twenty-five copies of OUR YOUTH. Will you, in sending the first number this week, send twenty-five extra for specimen copies. If you cannot send them free I will pay for them. We hope to get a large list of subscribers at our church. All who have seen the first number are greatly pleased with it. It is *just the paper we need*, and if the promise of this number is fulfilled will not only be popular, but do our young people incalculable good."

PRECISELY THE STYLE OF LITERATURE DEMANDED.

"OUR YOUTH has been formally introduced to our school, and the congregation as well. The result has been that our pastor has sent to Phillips & Hunt a handsome list of subscribers. The paper is precisely the style of literature that has been demanded by our Sunday-schools for years, but, then, 'good things come slowly,' etc. But why this most excellent paper has been so long in coming is more than I can tell. Now that it has come, I hope it will stay. I am *exceedingly pleased* with it."

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"I have received OUR YOUTH, and am *delighted with it.* It is *just what we need.* I secured twenty subscribers yesterday in five minutes. *Will secure more.* All hail OUR YOUTH and its editor!"

THEY COME ALONG ONE AFTER ANOTHER.

"You see they come along one after another, but the *growth is healthy.* One speaks well of the paper to another, and thus the demand increases."

Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—A somewhat weather-beaten tramp being asked what was the matter with his coat, replied, "Insomnia; it hasn't had a nap in ten years."—*Hartford Times.*

—Mr. C. has a little voice, weak, feminine. "There is a dime for you, my brave soldier," he said, as he tossed the coin into the cap of a poor fellow who was blind.

"Thank you, marm," was the response.

"I am not a woman," was the indignant reply.

"Thank you, miss," was the prompt retort.—*Boston Journal.*

—The search for the meteor which fell in Washington a few days ago has been abandoned. The hole which it made in entering the earth is there, but neither the meteor nor the fragments of one can be found. Perhaps an advertisement in the "lost" column in a newspaper in China would lead to its recovery.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Who is your doctor?"

"Doctor! I don't want any doctor. My neighbor has one, and when he comes I listen at the door and get the prescription free. No doctor for me."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—"Mam says as how I haint smart enough to learn nothin' in school," said a lazy scholar to his teacher, when he didn't have his lesson.

"Ah, Johnny, my boy, that is a great pity," kindly replied the good teacher, "but I will try to make you smart," and she did.—*The Merchant Traveler.*

—"What fine braids of hair Mrs. S. has! Isn't it strange though that the left is darker than the right?"

"Yes, but stranger still, the last time I saw her the *right* one was the darker."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—Bébe was dressing herself. "What are you doing, Bébe?" cried her bonne. "Don't you see you are putting on your stockings wrong side out?"

"That is because there is a hole on the other side," answered Bébe, with becoming dignity.—*Paris Figaro.*

—Troy parishioner—"And so you don't like this place?"

Rector—"No, I can't say I do exactly. I don't find the right field here for me."

Parishioner—"Right field! We'll be very sorry to lose you; but if you must go, they're looking for a right fielder at Albany."—*Tid-Bits.*

—Young housewife (consulting with cook about dinner for a party)—"As a second course we have eel."

Cook—"How much ought I to get, ma'am?"

Young wife—"I fancy ten yards will be about sufficient."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—"My dear," said Mr. Gammon, looking up from evening paper, "they've found out what ran into *Oregon.*"

"Good gracious! You don't say so! What was it?"

"Water."

"Ugh."

A Canary at the Farm.

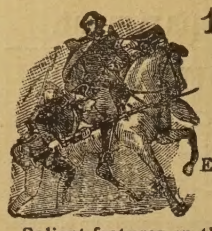
Folks has ben to town; and Sairy
Fetched her home a pet canary,
And of all the blame, contrary,
Aggervatin' things alive!
I love music—that's, I love it
When it's free—and plenty of it—
But I kind o' git above it
At a dollar eighty-five.

And it's just as I was sayin',
Just the idy, now, o' layin'
Out yer money, and a-payin'
Fer a willer cage and bird,
When the medder-larks is wingin'
Round ye, and the woods is ringin'
With the beautifulest singin'
That a mortal ever heard!

Sairy's sot, though; so I tell her
He's a purty little feller,
With his wings o' creamy yeller,
And his eyes keen as a cat;
And the twitter o' the critter
'Pears to absolutely glitter!
Guess I'll haf to go and git her
A higher priceder cage 'n that!

—*James Whitcomb Riley, in Indianapolis Herald.*

Rev H C Milliman
KENDALL
Orleans N Y



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